THE

# WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 15, 1800.

## *A Deſcription of Dunſter-Caſtle and Minehead.*

[From the Rev. Richard Warner's Walk through ſome of the Weſtern Counties of England.]

A Noble view of the Briſtol Channel had accompanied me for the laſt ten miles, but after an half hour's walk from Watchet, I deſcended quite to the ſhore, and found myſelf on a level with a vaſt ſheet of water, ſerene as the unruffled lake; the huge promontory of Minehead, in deep ſhadow on the left hand, and the beautiful belt of Cambrian hills bounding the tranquil flood, gorgeouſly lighted up by the deſcending ſun, in the diſtance. A neat little inn, called the Blue Anchor, threw open its door at this ſpot, and invited me, "nothing loth," to refreſh myſelf. On enquiry, I found that others had been equally pleaſed with the place as myſelf; which had induced the people of the inn, or their connections, to build a ſmall houſe for lodgers, and fit up a bathing-machine for their uſe.

The receſs of the tide allowed me to keep the ſands from hence to Minehead, a diſtance of ſix miles; the Channel ſpreading to the right, and an undulating line of hills riſing to the left. On the brow of one of theſe eminences, the proud turrets of Dunſter-Caſtle, the ſeat of John Fownes Luttrell, Eſq. ſhoot up from a venerable wood, and produce a beautiful variety in the majeſtick gloom of the deep maſs of ſhade which ſurrounds them. From the point where it firſt became an object in the picture, the caſtle appeared to ſtand on the ſide of a hill, with a large proportion of its

wooded declivity rising behind the building. I soon found, however, that this was but a *deceptio visus:* for on approaching the place, the higher ground receded from its neighbour, and I perceived that the castle had chosen a spot worthy of its dignity, the broad summit of an isolated hill. The sheltered situation, indeed, which, from afar, it appeared to have assumed, though every way congenial to modern ideas of comfort as well as beauty, would have been but ill-calculated for the unsettled period of the Saxon heptarchy, when it was originally constructed; or for the rude times of feudal insolence, when its walls were to ensure impunity to rapine and violence. The Baron of old, knowing that he was surrounded with robbers like himself, would not, unwarily, plant his retreat in a spot commanded by adjoining eminences: the bold brow of the precipitous cliff, or the lofty summit of the solitary hill, could alone afford him security in that state of desultory warfare, in which his own inordinances, sanctioned by the practices of the feudal ages, perpetually kept him; and these were the fastnesses which he pitched upon for his residence. Dunster-Castle, in conformity to this principle, is situated on a spot favourable to resistance—a steep eminence at the southern extremity of the town, overlooking a great extent of country, and commanding an uninterrupted view of the Bristol Channel and the coast of Wales.

Walks, judiciously planned, permeate its venerable woods; and the slope, which unites its steep with the flat moor below, is tastily managed and appropriately ornamented.

Dropping down from this noble mansion again to the shore, I pursued my walk over a long and narrow rabbit-warren, but as thickly inhabited as a Chinese province, belonging to Mr. Dunster, and reached Minehead just as "the curfew tolled the knell of parting day." As the chick, however, intended for my repast, was to be caught, killed, picked, and roasted, I had sufficient time allowed me to ramble over the town, as well as to acquaint you with the result of my observations.

The survey of this place, indeed, includes a walk of some labour, since it consists of three parts, divided from each other by fatiguing heights. The Bottom, or Quay-Town, by far the most considerable of the three, stretches along the shore under the menacing head of that vast promontory, called Minehead-Point, a rugged steep, rising to the height of eight hundred feet, and beetling over the houses which crouch at its roots. Its chief boast is a convenient harbour, accommodated with an excellent quay and pier, the animated scene, formerly,

formerly, of a buſy coaſting and foreign trade, But Minehead can now only refer to its quondam importance; for though the pride of extinguiſhed greatneſs be ſufficiently viſible here, yet the extenſive commerce and proportionate affluence, which, in times of yore, inſpired this inflation, and gave it ſome ſort of conſiſtency, have long ſince become the "mere ſhadows of a ſhade."

The Middle Town, in which my comfortable caravanſery ſtands, the Plume of Feathers, kept by the worthy Mr. Mansfield, runs along the declivity of an hill, ſomewhat more than a quarter of a mile from the Quay-Town, and has the conveniences of a poſt-office, ſhops, and lodging-houſes. The Upper-Town drops down the eaſtern ſlope of a lofty eminence, called Greenaleigh, and has nothing to recommend its ſhabby irregular lanes, but the extenſive proſpect neceſſarily given to it by its elevation.

But though Minehead have long ſince deplored the loſs of its extenſive trade, ſome appearance of cheerfulneſs and animation has been given it, till within theſe few years, by the company which reſorted thither in the ſummer ſeaſon for the purpoſe of bathing. What ſhould have occaſioned the deſertion of thoſe who ſought health or pleaſure on it ſhores, is not eaſily to be accounted for; ſince it ſeems to unite all the advantages, without the uſual concomitant inconveniences of a bathing-place. The ſhore is hard and fine; the machines commodious; the lodgings reaſonable; proviſions cheap and plenty; and though its acceſs be rendered eaſy by an excellent turnpike-road, which runs to Briſtol, yet its diſtance from the metropolis, and the populous parts of England, is ſufficiently great to prevent thoſe felicity hunters, the teazing inſects of faſhion, from diſturbing with their impertinent buzzings the penſive or rational pleaſures of them who chooſe to enjoy nature at Minehead, during the ſummer ſeaſon. To theſe inducements may be added the ſalubrity of its climate, which, like that of Cythera, is ſo ſoft and ſerene, that the myrtle-tree will live in the neighbourhood of this place, uninjured through all the roughneſs of an Engliſh winter. The admirer of nature alſo may indulge his purſuits here in various ways; the beautiful hills and precipitous cliffs offer to the botaniſt a variety of rare and curious plants; the ſhore ſpreads before the chonchologiſt, a rich profuſion of buccina, trochi, nerites, tellini, and other ſhells; and the geologiſt will find ſufficient phænomena to employ all his ſagacity, and exerciſe his whole talent for hypotheſis. Amongſt them is the following curious appear-

ance:—about a mile from the Lower-Town, on the beach leading to Dunſter, at the receſs of the tide a ſpot is denuded, in which are diſcovered many roots of prodigiouſly large trees, peeping out of the ſand, to the height of half a foot or more. Externally theſe maſſes are black and unintelligible; but when crumbled between the fingers, (for they are ſoft and friable) the genuine colour and original texture of the wood are plainly ſeen. The wonder, however, remains to be told, that when the fragments are broken parallel to the grain of the wood, imbedded in the very heart are found ſhells, foreign to the coaſt of Somerſetſhire, in a ſemi-foſſil ſtate, and oak-leaves, either perfect or decayed.

A ſpecies of patellæ, too, is very common on the rocks of Minehead, a good ſubſtitute for the famous murex of antiquity, that produced the invaluable Tyrian dye, with which the ancients ſtained their wool,

"*Tyrio ardebat murice lana.*"

A ſmall vein running over the head of the fiſh contains this precious liquor, with which if linen be ſtained, and the characters expoſed to different degrees of the light of the ſun, they will change their hue, and become ſucceſſively (from a dull white) pea-green, deep green, blue, and purple; the linen being then waſhed in ſcalding water, the marks upon it will blaze out into a ſplendid crimſon colour, which no future waſhings can obliterate.

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## *Account of the Spaniſh Embaſſy ſent to Morocco in the Years* 1798 *and* 1799.

By Chr. A. Fiſcher of Dreſden.

THE following particulars are extracted from a manuſcript journal of the proceedings of the Spaniſh Embaſſy to Morocco.—On the 29th of December, 1798, the ſmall ſquadron, on board of which the Embaſſador and his ſuite embarked, ſailed from *Rio de Santi Petri*, and on the following day arrived ſafe at Tangiers, in ſpite of the Engliſh cruiſers. The Spaniards were firſt ſaluted; an honour which a ſhort time before the Engliſh had in vain endeavoured to obtain by bluſtering and threats. The Embaſſador, *Don Juan Manuel Gonzalez Salmon, Intendente honorario de Exercito, et Caballero penſionada de la Real Orden de Carlos II.* is already advantageouſly known from *Oloſ Agrell's*

voyage

voyage to Morocco; and his talents, his local knowledge, and the eſtimation in which he was held by the Moors, in a particular manner pointed him out as the perſon beſt qualified to conduct this difficult negociation. He was accompanied by a numerous and ſplendid retinue, and carried along with him magnificent preſents for the Emperor and his Miniſters.

Nearly a fortnight elapſed, while preparations were making for their further journey; and in the mean time, the Governor, and the Spaniſh, Daniſh, and Swediſh Conſul alternately feaſted the Embaſſador. At a dinner given by the Spaniſh Conſul-general, D'Antonio Salmon, brother to the Embaſſador, an air-balloon, which he himſelf had made, was let off. On the balloon a ſonnet was printed, in which, among other ſimilar expreſſions, we find theſe words—"*Reunen en ſi lo mas peregrino, los dones del Moral los mas precioſos ;*" and it concludes with—"*Su gente grita enamorada : nunca Soliman muera! Carlos viva!*"—In the evening the Conſul's houſe was illuminated, and tranſparencies with ſimilar verſes, &c. were exhibited. Theſe circumſtances ſeem trifling: ſome important concluſions may however be drawn from them.

At length, on the 27th of January, the Embaſſy ſet forward for Mequinez, eſcorted by 300 horſemen. They performed very ſhort journeys, and were every where received with marks of honour and reſpect. The Moors in general ſeemed ſatisfied with the Spaniards; the Embaſſador, for inſtance, ordered his hautboiſts to play during the ſolemn viſits paid him by the baſhas, when they generally complimented him by obſerving: "*Que en la excellencia de aquella muſica ſe conocia la ſinceridad y buena fe, conque venia el plenipotenciario Eſpannol.*"

On the 6th of February, the Embaſſy arrived in *Mequinez**, and were received with the greateſt diſtinction. It was the firſt time a Spaniſh Embaſſador had come to the reſidence of the Emperor of Morocco, and the people flocked from all quarters to view him. When he entered the houſe prepared for him a large baſket full of dates was preſented to him, as a mark of the Emperor's friendſhip,—an honour that had never before been conferred on any foreign Embaſſador.

Three days after his arrival, the Embaſſador had a public audience; and no leſs than 216 mules were employed in carrying

* *Menkes*, the preſent reſidence of the Sultan, in the interior of Fez.

carrying the Spaniſh preſents. The Emperor gave the Embaſſador a moſt gracious reception; and, among others, ſaid, "*Que preferia y antiponia y amiſtad de la Eſpanna a la de todas las demas naciones.*"—And truly the Embaſſador was diſtinguiſhed in every poſſible manner. The Emperor permitted him to ride to the audience through the Imperial garden; received his credentials immediately from his own hands; at his departure entertained him with muſic; ſent his brother to eſcort him home; and, on the *twelfth* day, had agreed to *every* point demanded of him. Thus the formal treaty between the two powers was already ſigned on the 1ſt of March, 1799. Moſt of the articles of this treaty are already known from the newſpapers; but one of the moſt important ſeems to have been paſſed over unnoticed;—that, namely, which grants to *both* nations the right to purchaſe lands, and acquire poſſeſſions in both countries, not even the difference of religion being any longer admiſſible as a valid objection. On the whole, this treaty ſeems to have laid the foundation for a cloſe and firm alliance between the two nations; and to have procured to the Spaniards eſpecially material advantages.

In the conduct of this important negociation, the greateſt praiſe is certainly due to *Don Juan Man. Gonzal. Salmon*: he himſelf however does juſtice to the merits of the Emperor of Morocco's Miniſter, *Sid Ben Othman*. At taking leave, he publicly aſked Don Salmon, "Tell me whether thou be ſatisfied? whether thou ſtill deſireſt any thing? I will do every thing."

On the 20th of April, the embaſſy ſafely landed at *Tariſa*, to the no ſmall chagrin of the Engliſh, who had endeavoured to intercept them.

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## *Account of Swallows in the State of Vermont, North-America.*

*By* S. Williams, L. L. D.

We have four ſpecies of ſwallows in this part of America.

1. The houſe ſwallow. This may be readily diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, by the greater forkedneſs of its tail. It has alſo a red ſpot upon its forehead, and under its chin. This ſpecies build their neſts in chimnies. Their neſts are made of ſmall ſticks, cemented together with a kind of gum and

mud; they are covered or arched over the tops, and the aperture is on one ſide. Theſe ſwallows appear the earlieſt of any in the ſpring; and a few days before their departure in the fall, they aſſociate on the tops of buildings, dry trees, and buſhes, as if about to depart in companies.

2. The barn ſwallow. The ſize of this is rather leſs than that of the other; and the tail is not forked ſo much. This ſwallow builds his neſt in barns and out-houſes; and they are formed of graſs, ſtraw, and feathers. Their eggs are ſpeckled, of a dark brown and white. It is called the barn ſwallow, from the place in which it builds its neſt.

3. The ground ſwallow. This is the ſmalleſt of the whole ſpecies. Theſe ſwallows form a hole in ſandy banks, and on the ſides of rivers, of 18 or 24 inches in length. Their neſts are made at the extremity of theſe holes, of ſtraw and feathers, laid together in a looſe and careleſs manner. Their eggs are perfectly white. The holes in which they are laid are deſigned only for the neſts. None of the ſwallows ever remain in them during the winter.

4. The black martin. This is the largeſt of all our ſwallows. They build their neſts under the eaves of houſes, in the ſecret or retired places of out-houſes and old buildings. Their neſts are made of ſtraw and feathers. They arrive the lateſt, and diſappear the ſooneſt of any of the ſwallows which viſit us.

The uſual times of the appearance and diſappearance of theſe birds ſerve to mark the temperature of the climate, with as much preciſion as any of the phenomena of nature. But they do not ſeem to be properly birds of paſſage. At Danby, in this ſtate, the inhabitants report, that ſome of them were taken out of a pond in that town, ſome years ago. A man was employed in the winter, to procure the roots of the pond lilly, for medicinal purpoſes. Among the mud and roots which he threw out, ſeveral ſwallows were found incloſed in the mud; alive, but in a torpid ſtate. The account is not doubted among the inhabitants; but I have not the teſtimony of any perſons who ſaw theſe ſwallows.—It has been doubted by ſome able naturaliſts, whether it is poſſible for the ſwallows to live in ſuch a ſituation. I ſaw an inſtance which puts the poſſibility of the fact beyond all room for doubt.—About the year 1760, two men were digging in the ſalt marſh at Cambridge, in Maſſachuſetts: on the bank of Charles' river, about two feet below the ſurface of the ground, they dug up a ſwallow, wholly ſurrounded and covered with mud. The ſwallow was in a torpid ſtate, but being

held

held in their hands, it revived in about half an hour. The place where this ſwallow was dug up was every day covered with the ſalt water, which at every high tide was four or five feet deep. The time when this ſwallow was found was the latter part of the month of February; but the men aſſured me they had never found any other ſwallows in ſuch a ſituation. The ſpecies, called the houſe or chimney-ſwallow, has been found during the winter in hollow trees. At Middleburg, in this ſtate, there was a large hollow elm, called by the people in the vicinity the ſwallow tree. From a man who, for ſeveral years, lived within twenty rods of it, I procured this information; he always thought the ſwallows tarried in the tree through the winter, and avoided cutting it down on that account. About the 1ſt of May the ſwallows came out of it in large numbers, about the middle of the day, and ſoon returned. As the weather grew warmer, they came out in the morning with a loud noiſe, or roar, and were ſoon diſperſed: about half an hour before ſun-down they returned in millions, circulating two or three times round the tree, and then deſcending like a ſtream into a hole about ſixty feet from the ground.

It was cuſtomary for perſons in the vicinity to viſit this tree, to obſerve the motions of theſe birds: And when any perſons diſturbed their operations, by ſtriking violently againſt the tree with their axes, the ſwallows would ruſh out in millions, and with a great noiſe.—In November, 1791, the top of this tree was blown down, twenty feet below where the ſwallows entered. There has been no appearance of the ſwallows ſince. Upon cutting down the remainder, an immenſe quantity of excrements, quills, and feathers were found: but no appearance or relicks of any neſts.

Another of theſe ſwallow-trees was at Bridport. The man who lived the neareſt to it gave this account: The ſwallows were firſt obſerved to come out of the tree in the ſpring; about the time that the leaves firſt began to appear on the trees. From that ſeaſon they came out in the morning, about half an hour after ſun riſe: They ruſhed out like a ſtream as big as the hole in the tree would admit, and aſcended in a perpendicular line, until they were above the height of the adjacent trees; then aſſumed a circular motion, performing the evolutions two or three times, but always in a larger circle, and then diſperſed in every direction. A little before ſun-ſet they returned in immenſe numbers, forming ſeveral circular motions, and then deſcending like a ſtream into the hole, from whence they came out in the

morning. About the middle of September they were ſeen entering the tree for the laſt time. Theſe birds were all of the ſpecies called the houſe or chimney ſwallows. The tree was a large hollow elm, the hole at which they entered was about forty feet above the ground, and about nine inches diameter. The ſwallows made their firſt appearance in the ſpring, and their laſt appearance in the fall, in the vicinity of this tree; and the neighbouring inhabitants had no doubt but the ſwallows continued in it during the winter. A few years ago a hole was cut at the bottom of the tree: From that time the ſwallows have been gradually forſaking the tree, and have now almoſt deſerted it.

Neither of theſe accounts are attended with the higheſt degree of evidence, which the ſubject may admit of: but I am led to believe from them, that the houſe ſwallow, in this part of America, generally reſides, during the winter, in the hollow of trees; and that the ground ſwallows find ſecurity in the mud, at the bottom of lakes, rivers, and ponds.

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*A Deſcription of the magnificent Throne of the late Tippoo Sultaun, in the Laul Mahaul of Seringapatam, his Capital.*

THE ſolid part of the throne is made of the heavy black wood, over which is nailed on a coating of the pureſt gold of about the thickneſs of a guinea. The workmanſhip in general, but eſpecially of the indented ſtripes of the tiger, is very beautiful, and in ſome parts very highly poliſhed. In the drawing, the tiger is only ſeen in front, but his figure is an entire one, and reaches backwards as far as the throne. At each extremity is placed a ſmall ladder of ſolid gold, by which the Sultaun uſed to aſcend; and on each ſide, as well as at the four principal corners, are tigers' heads of a ſmaller ſize.

The length of the whole is about eight feet; the breadth about five; and the height about four.

The canopy is made of a lighter kind of wood, but plated with gold inſide and out, like the body of the throne. The fringe which adorns it is made of ſmall pearls, and above is the hummah, (a fabulous royal bird,) entirely compoſed of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. The body of this bird is in ſize nearly that of a partridge; but its tail, ſpreading backwards and outwards, is as large as a pheaſant's. Its beak

conſiſts of one large and beautiful emerald, with a ſmaller ſuſpended to it.*

A ſtrong iron bar, handſomely carved and gilt, ſupported the canopy.

Behind the throne is ſeen the door and two grated windows of the room in which Tippoo Sultaun always ſlept. It has no other entrance or window. The door is made of wood, and very thick; and the windows are ſecured with ſtrong bars of iron. His cott (or bed) which has ſilver legs of about ſix inches in length, was ſlung by the four corners to the ceiling of the room, and within about ten inches of the floor; a precaution uſed to ſecure the monarch from the attacks of ſerpents, or reptiles of any kind. The Sultaun's apartment, as well as the palace throughout, is painted green, with red tiger ſtripes; and above, near to the ceiling, are written Perſian or Arabic verſes, expreſſive of the power, grandeur, and magnificence, of this Prince. The following is a tranſlation of the characters which appear in this ſituation in the drawing:

"The lion (or Leo) was the planet of this lord of ſtrength;

"The eyes of whoſe enemies become blind at the ſight of him.

"The ſun (at his birth) received honour from being in the ſign (Aries):

"He thereby united knowledge, learning, ſcience, and ſtrength, at the ſame inſtant."

* The throne being now broken to pieces by the prize agents, this ſplendid and beautiful piece of workmanſhip has been ſent as a preſent to her Majeſty by the Marquis Welleſley, the Governor-General.

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## GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS,

### For August, 1800.

IN the preſent ſtate of the Continent, whilſt military operations are ſuſpended, and negociations are conducted with unexampled ſecrecy, there is little room for being minute in our remarks, and our preſent will be but a ſhort view of the ſtate of public affairs.

*GERMANY.*

## *GERMANY.*

A convention for the ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities between Auſtria and France was ratified the 15th of July: the reſumption of arms to be preceded by twelve days' notice, and the navigation of rivers to be uninterrupted on both ſides. The line occupied by the French is uncommonly ſtrong and extenſive, and they ſeem anxious to avail themſelves of their formidable poſition, in compelling the Emperor to conclude a ſeparate peace. Couriers and confidential envoys are paſſing with the utmoſt rapidity, but the reſult, and even the nature of their miſſives, is utterly unknown.

## *FRANCE.*

When at a diſtant period it ſhall become the duty of an animated and eloquent hiſtorian to deſcribe the preſent ſtate of Europe, with what vehemence will he not decry the ſupineneſs of thoſe powers who can, from any motives, regard with tranquil neutrality the preſent encroachments, and meditated uſurpations of France! Belgium, and part of Switzerland, appropriated: Holland and Italy, ſubjugated, revolutionized, and plundered: Spain reduced to the loweſt ebb, and reſpected only for her abject ſubmiſſion, while every other power is inſulted and defied, or hypocritically reſpected in proportion only to its preparations for reſiſtance: ſubjects alienated from their allegiance, rebels protected and encouraged: treaties violated without a pretence, and the horrors of maſſacre and plunder carried into every region where their arms, or their more fatal principles, can penetrate. Such is the poſition in which France ſtands, while with inſolent clamour ſhe pretends to exclaim on the conduct of other powers, and with the arbitrary imperiouſneſs of univerſal monarchy, to dictate terms of peace and forms of government. The temper and views of the French nation are clearly evinced by their deſtruction of the fortreſſes of Bard, Serravalle, Gavi, Arona, Ceva, Coni, Urbino, and even the whole city of Turin, in order to facilitate their enterpriſes in a future war. The ſyſtem of plunder is carried to its utmoſt exceſs in Italy and Germany, under the name of contributions; while ſome feeble efforts are ſaid to be making by the neutral powers, to effect, by an armed mediation, ſome reduction of the exorbitancy of French claims: of ſmall value is their interference, while they permit the progreſs of theſe violences.

While every art and every low invective is exhauſted, even to that of calling the Engliſh nation heretics, the people

of France are reduced to a more abject and degrading ſlavery than they have experienced for a century paſt. The preſs is guarded with unprecedented ſtrictneſs, ſo much that no journaliſt dares venture a ſingle ſpeculation on the progreſs of the pending negociations; domiciliary viſits are renewed under various pretences, and commerce rendered inſecure by the daily raſhneſs of iſſuing and repealing prohibitory decrees.

## *ITALY.*

From the interior of Italy we learn, that the Court of Vienna has reſtored Ancona to the new Pope, and alſo placed under the Papal juriſdiction the civil government of all the Eccleſiaſtical territories, which had been held by the Auſtrians ſince the depoſition of Pius the Sixth.

## *EGYPT.*

By intelligence from Conſtantinople, dated the 25th of June, we learn that the evacuation of Egypt by the French has again met with difficulties. The French required that Cairo, Alexandria, and the ſurrounding country ſhould be declared either independent, or under their protection. The Porte, however, would conſent to neither of theſe propoſals; and on the 22d of June it was unanimouſly reſolved in the Divan, to ſend another army, conſiſting entirely of Europeans, with a new General in Chief, to Jaffa. The army of the Grand Vizier, which at firſt was ſaid to amount to 150,000 men, is now by the deſertion of the Aſiatics reduced to 20,000. The plague has likewiſe broken out in his camp, and one of his beſt Generals has died of it.

The correſpondence reſpecting the affairs of Egypt, publiſhed by the French government, ſtates, that Sir Sidney Smith, in negociating the convention with General Kleber, acted under an order received by him from Lord Elgin, to that effect; and that he afterwards made an offer to Kleber to act upon his own reſponſibility, in oppoſition to the firſt orders of government to Lord Keith, for preventing the departure of the French troops from Egypt. The French now aſſert that Egypt is not to be evacuated by the republican troops, and even go ſo far as to ſay, that there never exiſted a neceſſity for ſuch a meaſure being adopted. They ſtate, that they have ſtill remaining there an invincible army of twenty thouſand men; that they are greatly befriended and aſſiſted by the natives; that their ſituation is, in every reſpect, ſafe and comfortable. Bonaparte, it is not improbable, thinks his credit is in ſome degree at ſtake, with regard to the Egyptian expedition;

expedition; and we ſhould not be ſurpriſed to find him make ſome extraordinary exertions to render permanent his conqueſt of that country, with the view of ultimately diſtreſſing the commerce of Great Britain.

## *GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND.*

On the 29th of July his Majeſty put an end to the ſeſſion of Parliament, by a ſpeech from the throne:

In adverting to the Union Bill, he ſays, "It is with peculiar ſatisfaction I congratulate you on the ſucceſs of the ſteps which you have taken for effecting an entire Union between my kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. This great meaſure, on which my wiſhes have been long earneſtly bent, I ſhall ever conſider as the happieſt event of my reign, being perſuaded that nothing could ſo effectually contribute to extend to my Iriſh ſubjects the full participation of the bleſſings derived from the Britiſh conſtitution, and to eſtabliſh on the moſt ſolid foundation the ſtrength, proſperity, and power of the whole empire." After returning thanks to the gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons for the zeal and liberality with which they have provided for the various exigencies of the public ſervice, he informed them, that in the courſe of the campaign upon the Continent, it had, by a ſudden reverſe diſappointed the ſanguine hopes which the ſituation of affairs at its commencement appeared fully to juſtify, and had unhappily again expoſed a conſiderable part of Europe to thoſe calamities and dangers from which it had recently been reſcued by the brilliant ſucceſſes of his allies. Much, however, as theſe events are to be regretted, it would always be matter of juſt ſatisfaction to him to reflect, that in the courſe of this important conteſt, his efforts, and thoſe of his Parliament, had been unremittingly employed for the maintenance of their rights and intereſts.—The Lord Chancellor then, by the command of his Majeſty, announced that this Parliament would be prorogued to Tueſday the 7th day of October next.

The public attention was much engaged, and no inconſiderable alarm excited, by the capture of a Daniſh frigate and her convoy, which were brought into Deal the 26th of July. Every effort is uſing by the Cabinet to prevent the affair from becoming ſerious by miſconſtruction.

Two ample and important ſecret expeditions have ſailed from our ports, and their deſtination is moſt wiſely kept ſo profoundly ſecret, that conjecture is baffled, and ſpeculation entirely ſuſpended.

The

The efforts of our brave ſeamen on the coaſt of France have been continued with great ſpirit and ſucceſs, and one of the moſt gallant enterprizes of the preſent war was atchieved on the 29th of July, by Lieutenant Jeremiah Coghlan, who, with no more than 20 men, cut out of Palais Road, Le Cerbere, a gun brig, mounting three 24-pounders, and four 6-pounders, and vigorouſly defended by eighty-ſeven men.

We are extremely ſorry that the prices of grain are not reduced in proportion to the abundance of the harveſt, and the vaſt importations. This cannot be accounted for on any other principle than the ſucceſsful arts of monopolizers, whoſe nefarious plots ſeem to have extended throughout the kingdom. This is now a national evil, and requires a ſpeedy and effectual check. Rioting has been begun in a great many parts of the country, and the general tranquillity of the kingdom will not, it is probable, be effectually reſtored, till the enormous prices are reduced, and corn and other neceſſaries are again rendered at a reaſonable rate.

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## THE ADDRESS OF FASHION.

*To the EDITOR.*

SIR,

THE condeſcenſion of monarchs is ever received with gratitude and rapture, by the ſlaves who baſk in the ſunſhine of imperial favour: with what extacy then muſt he be filled whom I, the moſt deſpotic ſovereign upon earth, ſhall deign to honour with my notice? You, Mr. Editor, may boaſt the patronage and friendſhip of men of wiſdom, learning, and genius—but know that one approving ſmile from me ſhall do more towards your ſucceſs with the world, than the united efforts of all the wiſdom and talents in the univerſe. Truth may aſſure you as much as ſhe pleaſes of the certainty of her final triumph: but aſk her, when ſhe arrives at it? ſhe will confeſs it is by tardy ſteps, and not till ſhe has fought many a hard battle with the paſſions and prejudices that oppoſe her courſe.

But no ſooner do I appear, than paſſions and prejudices enliſt themſelves under my triumphant banners, and render my authority univerſal in every clime. My laws are received and regarded by all orders of men, and in all the countries of the world. Sometimes they are miſtaken for thoſe of nature, but this is only in thoſe parts of my do-

minions where my ſtatutes are ſeldom changed, and my power conſequently little known: though it is in fact equally regarded by the greaſe-beſmeared ſquaw of the Canadian foreſt, and the leader of the *ton* in the Britiſh capital. From me mankind in every ſituation receive their notions of elegance and refinement. I change the characteriſtics of beauty at my pleaſure. The complexion, nay the very features, of the human countenance, are at my diſpoſal. In one part of the globe, my decree runs in favour of a ſkin of jetty black, a flat noſe, and blubber lips. No ſooner is my will and pleaſure known, than black aſſumes the name of beauty, and ſoot and greaſe ſupply the deep ſable that nature has denied; while the fond mother, in obedience to my commands, employs the willing thumb in depreſſing the infant's noſe, till the yielding griſſel promiſes no more to riſe in rebellion againſt my authority. Whenever I chooſe to contend with nature, I never fail of victory: nor can the virtues themſelves pretend to conteſt the point with me.

In vain did modeſty claim the fair of this realm as her own. I laughed at her pretences, iſſued my decree—and lo! modeſty and decency retired to deck the village nymph, leaving the high-bred fair ones to my diſpoſal. Have I not from time immemorial baniſhed chaſtity from among the number of the virtues in one ſex, and have I not many friends who are willing to ſupport me in a like experiment upon the other?

Religion preſented an equal obſtacle to both: but religion herſelf diſdains not to receive laws from me. There is, indeed, an uncomplying ſort, which is ſeated in the heart, and which I have never been able to bring under proper ſubjection. But this it is my buſineſs to explode as much as poſſible: and happily my endeavours in this reſpect are likely to be crowned with much ſucceſs. The religion I oppoſe is pure and peaceable, made up of love and charity, meekneſs, and devotion. It is eſpouſed by truth, and like her may boaſt a final triumph: though the paſſions and prejudices of mankind are equally adverſe to both. But the religion which has my ſanction is zealous and intolerant; implacable, furious, and reſentful; inſpiring its votaries with pride, arrogance, and preſumption; ſo that all the paſſions and prejudices of mankind are evidently in its favour. I firſt taught it to the phariſee who "thanked God he was not as other men, or even as that publican," who appears to have had ſome of the other ſort in his heart. Now as this religion of mine teaches people to be zealous only againſt the ſins of

others,

others, but mild and indulgent to their own, it is the eaſieſt thing in the world to mould its votaries to my pleaſure.

I hope I have ſaid enough to convince you of the great importance of cultivating my favour. You appear, indeed, to have an intention of winning me over to the ſide of truth and virtue: but, to ſpeak ſincerely, it is a ſide to which I am ſeldom inclined to be propitious. But this is more the fault of my adherents than of myſelf. Supported by the paſſions and prejudices of mankind, am I not bound to ſupport theſe in return with all my ſtrength? Often, but for the power of theſe potent friends, would good ſenſe rebel againſt my authority, and nature ſpurn my yoke. But when, aided by them, I caſt the venomed ſhaft of calumny, who ſhall dare to pour balm into the wound? When I, with their aſſiſtance, raiſe the monument of praiſe, who ſhall dare to examine the foundation on which it ſtands? Perſuade your friends to enliſt under my banners, and rapid will be your introduction to celebrity, under the auſpicious protection of

FASHION.

## AN ANECDOTE.

A Learned man of great merit, whoſe loſs Germany ſtill bewails, wrote, ſome years ago, to a bookſeller, Mr. Voſs, at Berlin, that in order to form a new plan of life, he wanted the ſum of 1500 dollars. He knew well, he ſaid, that his correſpondent could not draw it out of his trade, but entreated him to procure it him for ſix years, though on a very high intereſt. The bookſeller deliberated about it with a friend. A circular letter was written, in which, without naming the learned man, the rich were invited to bring this ſum together. The late Privy-Counſellor Wlomer ſigned it, and took himſelf a bill of 100 dollars: Count Herzberg, and another deſervedly eſteemed Miniſter of the King, did the ſame; almoſt the whole of the reſt was ſigned by Jew houſes, many of whom are the firſt banking-houſes in Berlin, and very eager to ſeize every opportunity to ſhew their philanthropy. It is eaſily to be underſtood, that men who could determine to advance money to an unknown perſon, thought of no intereſt, and left it to his integrity whether he would pay them or not. Some years afterwards, a new circular letter announced the death of the perſon aſſiſted, George Forſter, adding, that the ſum lent him might be collected from what he had left. It was unanimouſly beſtowed, as a free gift, upon his children.

*Deſcription of the Brank, or Scolding-Bridle.*

THIS inſtrument is uſed in ſome parts of Scotland, and alſo in Staffordſhire, for correcting ſcolding women. It is a ſort of head-piece, which opens, and incloſes the head of the impatient, whilſt an iron, ſharp as a chiſel, enters the mouth, and ſubdues the more dreadful weapon within. Thus harneſſed, the offender is led in triumph through the ſtreets. Dr. Plot, in his Hiſtory of Staffordſhire, has given the world a minute deſcription and figure of the inſtrument, which is there called a *ſcolding-bridle;* and tells us, he looks upon it "as much to be preferred to the ducking-ſtool, which not only endangers the health of the party, but alſo gives the tongue liberty between every dip, to neither of which this is at all liable."

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*A* CHARADE, *by W. Rennels, of Barnſtaple.*

THE matron oft, indulgent on my firſt
Dandles the tender object of her love;
As oft the parent of the chuckling brood,
Beneath my ſecond doth her offſpring move.

Theſe, when explor'd, you'll form their junction right,
Then carefully peruſe a ſacred book;
My whole unqueſtionably ſtrikes the ſight,
As oft 'tis mentioned in the Pentateuch.

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*An* ENIGMA, *by George England, of Uplyme.*

IN earth's dark bowels once I lay,
From woe and ſorrow free,
'Till man convey'd me into day,
To ſhare my deſtiny.

But oh! the ſufferings to confeſs,
Which now I undergo,
No tongue is able to expreſs,
No human feelings know.

Like as a ſlave from Guinea's ſhore
I'm dragg'd from where I lay,
And to return, alas! no more;
Oh think how ſad the day!

Torn from a mother's tender breaſt,
Who lov'd her boon ſo well,
As there to let me always reſt,
And in her boſom dwell.

No envious neighbour broke my peace,
No vile intruders there;
But all is happineſs and eaſe,
Unmix'd with grief or care.

But now from thoſe convey'd away,
No creature's us'd ſo ill;
I'm threſh'd and pommell'd horridly,
Yet little do I feel.

Then to the fire I am conſign'd,
(A doleful tale to tell)
And in the ſcarching flames abide,
Where mortals ne'er could dwell.

From thence I'm found of various forms,
Of various uſes too;
And equally as thoſe are chang'd,
So likewiſe is my hue.

Black as the ſable ſhades of night,
Green as the verdant lawn,
As new-caſt ſilver I am bright,
And purple as the dawn.

Both round and flat I oft appear,
And cylindrical too;
Convex, elliptical, and ſquare,
Irregular and true.

By Bacchanalian devotees
I oftentimes am uſed;
At their nocturnal reveries
I ſeldom am refus'd.

Expos'd to ruthleſs ſtorms I ſtand,
When thunder ſhakes the ground,
And hurries terror o'er the land,
I tremble at the ſound.

Con now, ye gents. that know me well,
Theſe hints, and I'm in view;
Doubtleſs my name you'll quickly tell,
And now I bid adieu!

# POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

## VERSES *on* HARVEST.

WHAT glorious objects ſtrike the view!
Each heart with joy expands
To ſee the corn, in ripen'd hue,
Diffuſe o'er Albion's land.

Early their cots the ruſtics leave,
With glee they then repair
Unto the corn fields, and in ſheaves
They bind the golden ear.

Then, full of mirth, acroſs the plain
They drive the loaded car;
And when ſafe ſtor'd the valu'd grain,
Their ſhouts are heard from far.

Creation now is fill'd with joy,
And ſhouts of laſting praiſe;
All ſhould their tuneful notes employ
The Giver's praiſe to raiſe.

What happy proſpects theſe convey,
And promiſe large ſupply;
The bleſſing flows with bright array,
From ſprings that never dry.

The ploughman toils the live-long day,
And ſees his labours bleſt;
He hears the nightingale's ſweet lay,
And then retires to reſt.

The dreary proſpect now is o'er,
And brighter ſcenes ariſe;
Now bounteous plenty ſafe in ſtore,
Our thanks ſhould reach the ſkies.

Ye Muſes! lend your loftieſt voice,
In concert join the ſong;
Let every thankful heart rejoice,
To God the praiſe belongs!

R. THOMAS.

*Magdalen-ſtreet, Exeter, Auguſt* 18, 1800.

## *A* SUMMER EVENING's WALK.

HOW cold the heart that can, unmov'd, ſurvey
Thoſe rapturous ſcenes, where all around conſpire
To calm the ſoul, to ſoothe the troubled breaſt,

And

And lull each jarring paſſion to repoſe!
How ſweet to breathe the pure ſalubrious air,
And taſte the freſhneſs of the evening breeze,
With health and fragrance fraught! delicious treat!
Superior far to all the ſplendid pomp
And empty joys of faſhionable life:
The mind may here, at leiſure, contemplate
The wondrous works of all-creating power,
That with ſuch various beauties has adorn'd
This lower world, and ſtrew'd our path with flow'rs.
Here nature has beſtow'd her choiceſt ſweets,
And open'd all her variegated ſtores.
Sweet rural ſolitude! the fav'rite haunt
Of meditation, and of thought profound;
Here we may roam at large, and uncontroul'd,
Indulge the nobleſt feelings of the mind,
And wake devotion in the languid breaſt;
Here we may learn to ſoar above the world,
And raiſe our minds to the Great Cauſe of All!

## INVOCATION *to* PEACE.

RETURN, ſweet peace! and ſhed thy glories round,
And ſpread thy fair wings o'er a troubled iſle;
No more let carnage ſtain the fruitful ground,
And blood the works of Heaven's hand defile.

Shall diſcord drive thee, mild-ey'd nymph, away?
And faction ſtrike thee with its ruthleſs hand?
Shall havoc mock thee on the crimſon'd way?
Confuſion reign, and ruin grinning ſtand?

Shall famine point its all conſuming ſword?
And miſery reach the ſunny cottage door?
Shall nought remain to deck the frugal board,
Or bleſs the humble offspring of the poor?

Muſt the ſad widow weep her loſs in vain?
The little orphan vainly aſk for bread?
Yet ſtill ſhall ſtrife and ſanction'd murder reign,
And ſcalding tears be ſtill unheeded ſhed?

## SONNET, *ſent by Mr. Park to his Wife.*

FOR thee, beſt treaſure of a huſband's heart,
Whoſe bliſs it is that thou for life art ſo,
That thy fond boſom bears a faithful part,
In every caſual change his breaſt can know.
For thee, whom virtuous paſſion made his choice,
Whom genius and affection make his pride,
Connubial rapture tunes his grateful voice,
And hails the mother dearer than the bride:
And tho' thy worth deſerves a brighter palm,
Than laureat hands round diadems entwine,
Love's ſimple chaplet happily may charm
With truer, tenderer ecſtacy, from mine!
And let me ſtill but reign thy "boſom's lord,"
Be fame or wealth their votary's reward.